

SOMEHOW, EVERY TIME
I'VE RUN FOUL OF THAT
YOUNG DUP I'VE GOT
THE WORST OF
THE DEAL!

A HIGH WIND,
BLOWIN' TOWARD
BLACK CAT
BROOK —
FINE!

THEY'LL PULL OUTA THE
WOODS IN A HURRY
WHEN THIS HITS EM—
IF THEY CAN!

I'D SLEEP BETTER IF I WAS
SURE THAT THE "PROFESSOR"
WAS OUT OF THIS COUNTRY, ELMER!

HE'S A BAD EGG —
I CALCULATE WE AINT
SEEN THE LAST O' HIM!

IT'S GOT WARMER. THE SNOW'S
MOST TOO MUSHY TO TRAVEL—
IT'S A GOOD DAY TO STAY
HOME AN' STRETCH THE
SKINS WE'VE GOT —



WELL I SWAN! THERE'S A FAMILY
O' MUSHRATS! WHAT IN HARRY
ARE THEY TRAVELIN' OVERLAND,
IN WINTER, FOR ?



AN' BY GUM! LOOK!
HERE COMES A
REG'LAR NOAH'S
ARK! WHAT
IN SAM HILL IS
DRIVIN' 'EM?



GOOD GOSH, LAD —
I SMELL SMOKE!
THERE'S A FOREST FIRE
WORKIN' THIS WAY,
SURE AS GUNS!



THE FIRE'S COMIN' FAST, BUT
IF WE CAN REACH NORTH BAY,
WE CAN GIT ACROSS THE
RIVER TO SAFETY!

SOME H'ADWAY THAT
FIRE HAS GOTTEN, WHAT
WITH THIS WIND!

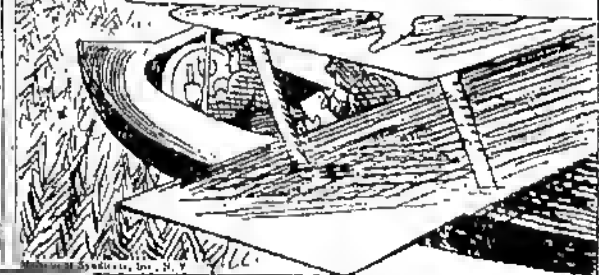
GOOD GOSH! THE
FIRE'S JUMPED
AHEAD! WE'RE CUT
OFF! WE'VE GOTTA
STRIKE DIRECT FOR
THE RIVER NOW, THOUGH
HOW WE CAN CROSS THE
RAPIDS, I DON'T KNOW!



BUT THERE'S A SLIM
CHANCE TO LIVE THROUGH
THE FIRE, BY SITTIN' ON
THAT SUNKEN ROCK ON THE
EDGE O' THE RAPIDS, AN'
STICKIN' ONLY OUR NOSES OUT.



9.17 A.M.—CLASS **A** FIRE IN
HEAVY GREEN TIMBER, BELOW
BLACK CAT BROOK, ON
RGARING RIVER, NORTH SIDE,
ABOUT N.W. ¼ SECTION 9,
40-45, UNSURVEYED.
STRONG NORTH WIND.



OLIVER OWENS
AND OLD ELMER SPRY
ARE TRAPPING IN THE
WILDS OF CANADA —

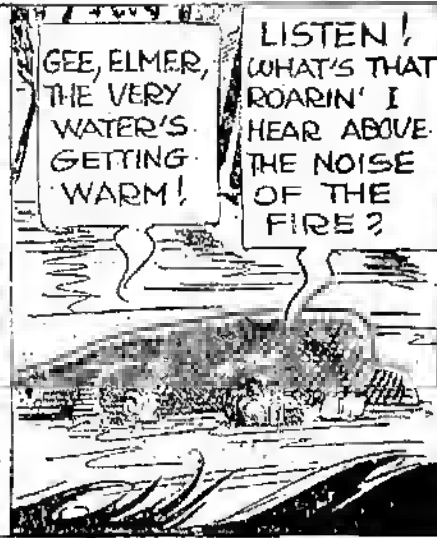
A TERRIBLE FOREST
FIRE BREAKS OUT,
FORCING THEM TO FLEE
TO THE RIVER. HERE
THEIR ONLY CHANCE FOR
LIFE IS TO LIE ON A
SUNKEN ROCK, TO ESCAPE
THE TERRIFIC HEAT!



GOSH! THIS HEAT
MAKES MY HEAD FEEL
LIGHT, LIKE AS
THOUGH SOMEBODY'D
DROPPED ME ON IT WHEN
I WAS A BABY!

GEE, ELMER,
THE VERY
WATER'S
GETTING
WARM!

LISTEN!
WHAT'S THAT
ROARIN' I
HEAR ABOVE
THE NOISE
OF THE
FIRE?



LOOKS TO ME LIKE TWO
MEN, CLINGING TO THAT
SUBMERGED ROCK ON
THE EDGE OF THAT
QUICK WATER!





IT'S THE
FIRE PATROL!
HELP! HELP!



TO LAND ON
THOSE RAPIDS
MEANS A
RACK-UP!

I'LL STEP DOWN ONTO THAT
STRIP OF DEADWATER
BESIDE THEM, LET'S
HOPE NO SPARK
CONNECTS WITH OUR
GAS TANK!

QUICK, BUDDY,
JUMP IN, BEFORE
WE GO UP IN
SMOKE!

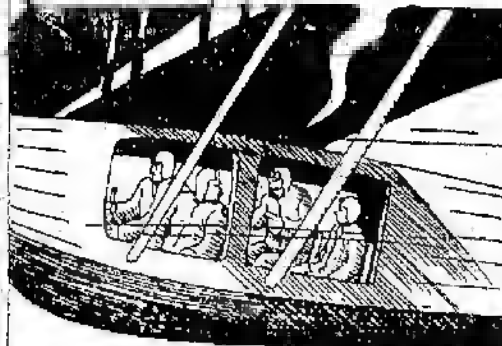


HAVING REPORTED THE FOREST FIRE TO THE HEAD RANGER, WHO WOULD AT ONCE THROW HIS TRAINED CREWS ACROSS THE PATH OF THE RED TERROR, THE DRONING AIRPLANE SOARED BACK AGAIN, INTO THE WIND, TOWARD THE DISTANT FIRE AREA — ITS WORK WAS NOT YET FINISHED —

WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE HEAD OF THAT FIRE AREA — STRIKES ME THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE START OF THIS FIRE — IN THE FIRST PLACE — IT'S CLEAR OUT OF SEASON!

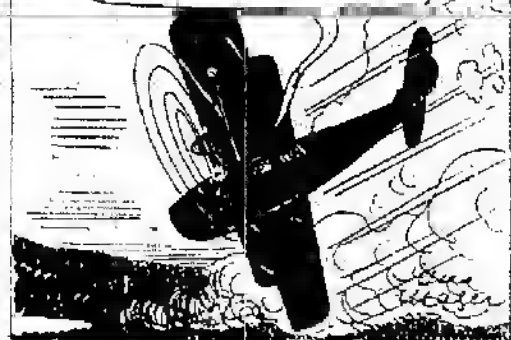


YOU SAID IT, SKIPPER — SUMMER TIME — LIGHTNING, AND CARELESS CAMPERS, YES — BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN CHASED OUTA THE WOODS BY FIRE IN THE WINTER!

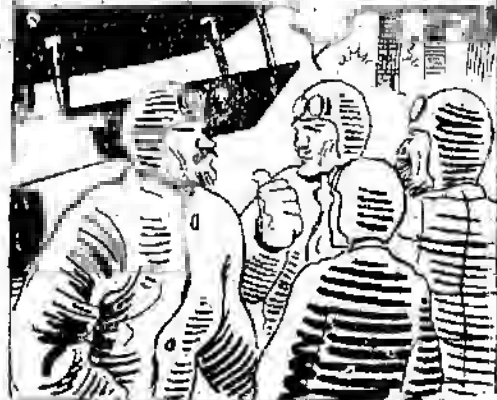


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AH, THERE'S WHERE THE FIRE STARTED! JUST STEP DOWN ONTO THAT POND, AHEAD THERE, IF YOU CAN, JERRY!



WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THE
PROFESSOR ON FOOT—THE PLANE
WILL BE SAFE HERE UNTIL
WE RETURN!



HE
LITTLE
PARTY OF
FRIENDS
WAS HARDLY
OUT OF
EARSHOT,
BEFORE THE
BUSHES IN
A LITTLE
GULLY
NEARBY
PARTED—



AND OUT STEPPED
THE PROFESSOR!



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BEIN' A JACK
TRADES HAS
ONCE SAVED
OF ALL
MORE THAN
MY NECK!



Good, I want to be a detective,
all about me! I want to be a
like the best detective I know.
Have you got a good
detective — even my father,
Detective Dan Danney, himself —

Oh, I want to be
the best detective
I can be — and a
big friend of mine!
He'll tell me everything
about to do!

Yes, I want to be
the best detective
I can be — and a
big friend of mine!
He'll tell me everything
about to do!

Yes, I want to be
the best detective
I can be — and a
big friend of mine!
He'll tell me everything
about to do!

Yes, I want to be
the best detective
I can be — and a
big friend of mine!
He'll tell me everything
about to do!



A SHIP
CLOAKED
THE STRANGER
LET GO IN
BLAST AND
IN A FEW
MINUTES
THE BOAT LEFT
THE PORTLAND
AND LEFT
BEHIND IT
WAS THE
SHIP, BEING
ON PORTLAND



IT'S A BAD WAY
BUT EVERY DETECTIVE
KNOWS OF OUR OFFICE
IS A PACKED
PLAN IN

AND NOT A
WORD CAN
LEAK OUT—

THE STRANGER
WAS SEEN
A FEW MINUTES
BEFORE
O BOY!
I HOPE CAN
FOLLOWED THE
UP!

OLIVER OWENS
IS ASSISTING DR. DIX,
A NATURALIST, TO
COLLECT FREAK ANIMALS,
ON THE
ORINOCO RIVER —
THE TWO OTHERS
OF THE PARTY ARE THE
PILOT OF THE AIRPLANE,
AND A YOUNG WOMAN,
A NIECE OF THE
DOCTOR'S —



1327 - "OLIVER'S ADVENTURES" by Gus Mager.

THE GREAT JUNGLE
CAT, IN HIS BLACK
PHASE, WOULD BE
A RARE FIND
INDEED — PROVIDED
THEY COULD ONLY
CAPTURE HIM —



GO SHOOT AN
ALLIGATOR FOR BAIT,
OLIVER, TO LAY OVER
THE CANE ROOF OF THIS
PIT, THAT I'M
DIGGING !



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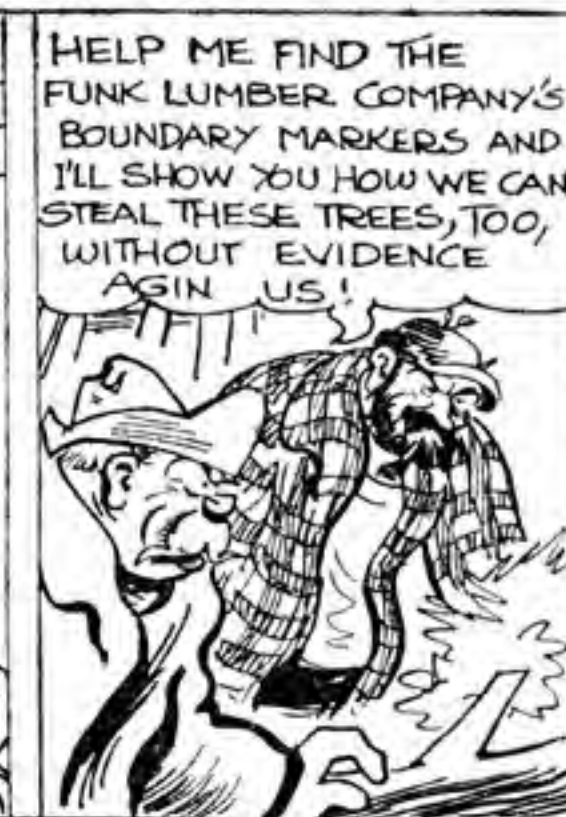
**HOLA! WELCOME TO
PASSOFUNDO, MY
FRIENDS !**

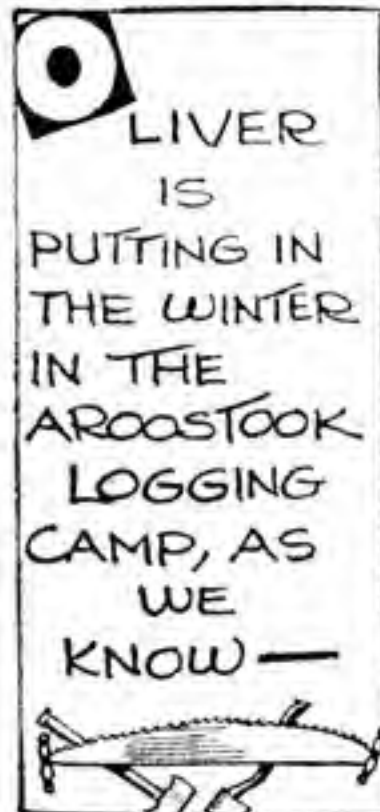


Mager 1-6

OLIVER HAS STARTED THE WINTER IN A LOGGING CAMP IN THE NORTH WOODS — JUST NOW HE IS IN THE CREW'S QUARTERS, TALKING OVER THE ORIGIN OF A RECENT FOREST FIRE WITH THE FOREMAN —







WITH THE CRY OF "TIMBER" THE TWO CHOPPERS AND OLIVER LEAPT ASIDE AS THE MIGHTY SPRUCE CRASHED, MAKING THE GROUND TREMBLE AND THE FOREST ECHO AT ITS FALL —



HOT DOG! IT FELL EXACTLY WHERE YOU PLANNED! THO' IT KINDA HURTS TO THINK OF KILLING A GREAT LIVING TREE LIKE THAT IN ITS PRIME!



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I'D BETTER STRAIGHTEN THIS YOUNG SAPLING BENT DOWN HERE, TO SAVE IT FOR A FUTURE TREE!



OKAY—WE'RE ALL TRIMMED—NOW TO SAW THE TRUNK INTO LOGS—THEN THE HORSES WILL HAUL 'EM TO THE SKIDWAY ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE—



OO-LE-AY-E-OO! HERE COMES OUR COOKEE WITH THE GRUB!



OUR YOUNG FRIEND, OLIVER, IS GATHERING FIRST HAND EXPERIENCE IN LOGGING—

FIRST WE SAW THE TREE INTO LOGS, BETWEEN KNOTS OR DECAYED SPOTS OR FORKS, SEE?

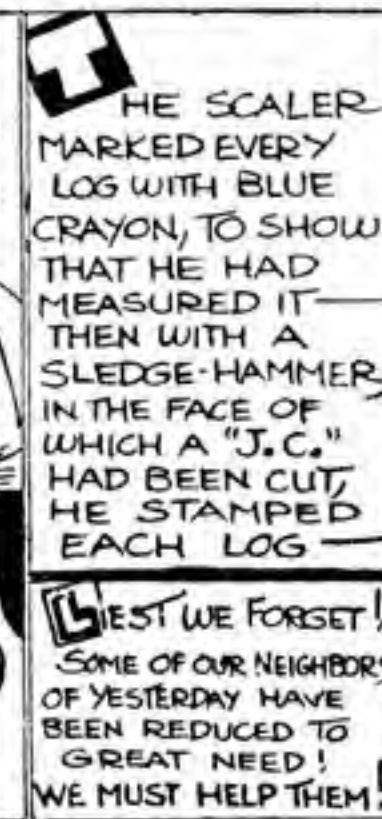
THEN WE HAUL THE LOGS OUT TO THE ROAD —

NOW THE SLEDGE 'LL TAKE 'EM TO THE SKIDWAY WHERE THEY'LL BE PILED TO ROLL DOWN INTO THE LAKE IN THE SPRING

WHOOOPS! BUT THIS ROAD'S ALL ICE!

YOU SAID IT! IT'S BEEN WATERED AN' ALLOWED TO FREEZE THE LAST WEEK, FOR SLEDGE HAULIN'!

NOT A SINGLE OPERATION OF THE LOGGING DID OLIVER WANT TO MISS, SO HE FOLLOWED THE SLEDGE TO THE SKIDWAY —



THEN, ONE BRIGHT DAWN, THE RISING SUN GLITTERED ON A BEAUTIFUL BLANKET OF SNOW THAT LAY OVER THE LOGGING CAMP IN THE WILDERNESS—



HURRAH! THIS IS THE WEATHER THE MEN HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR—ROADS WILL BE SHOVELED OUT AND WATER SPRINKLED, TO FREEZE SMOOTH FOR HAULING!



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OLIVER WAS SOON MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL, HELPING THE CREW BREAK OUT ROADS—



AND WHEN IT GOT NEAR GRUB TIME HE HUSTLED BACK TO THE COOK-HOUSE TO HELP OLD ELMER, THE RHEUMATIC COOKEE, CARRY THE FOOD TO THE MEN—

DEAR READERS MEN AND WOMEN THIS WINTER ARE HUNGRY, HOMELESS AND DISCOURAGED! WE MUST HELP THEM ON THEIR FEET!





MRS. SNOWMAN, THE CULINARY EXPERT AT THE LUMBER CAMP, GETTING READY A MESS OF BAKED BEANS, CORNED BEEF, AND HOT BISCUITS, FOR THE CUTTING CREW'S DINNER —



OLIVER, THE COOKEE — (COOK'S ASSISTANT) — TAKING THE GRUB OUT TO WHERE THE MEN ARE WORKING —



HE'S GOTTA CROSS THIS LITTLE CORDUROY BRIDGE — I'LL LOOSEN THE LOGS ON HIM!



THIS IS GETTIN' EVEN ON THE PUP FOR HIS PRACTICAL LITTLE JOKE O' DRAGGIN' ME OUTA MY SLEEP LAST NIGHT, AN' FOOLIN' ME INTO THINKIN' IT WAS TIME TO GIT UP! HA! HA!

